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FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1907.

"Business" and Prohibition.

All through the South there are sounds and signs of a tremendous disposition to nominate a Southern man for President. The idea is an excellent one. Pick out a sane, clean man and nominate him on a Prohibition platform, and he will be elected overwhelmingly. He will sweep with him every Southern State, and two-thirds of all the rest.

Thus the New York Sun—being not unwilling to see defeat for the party of Roosevelt. What a shift of public opinion it represents!

Four years ago, the Sun would have advised nominating any Republican on an anti-government ownership platform; eight years ago, any Republican who promised to secure the conservative business interests. Now it is not "business," or private ownership of public utilities, or the tariff or anything "conservative." It is the most extreme and personal cause proposed to American politics in its history—prohibition. So much ground have the allied forces of "business" lost in the minds of the American people who live beyond the glare of Manhattan island.

Less Immigration Likely.

Undoubtedly this homeward rush of natives of the south of Europe, Italians particularly, will have an effect on next year's immigration. This year there is some reason for the homing over the desire to hibernate under balmy skies. Industrial depression has set in to some extent, and the unskilled laborers employed on general improvements and extensions are first to feel the pinch of hard times. Very likely there will be a let-up in the migration toward the United States until after the Presidential election, and the country knows where it is at.

Some of our steamship men believe that the home-goers will spread abroad the news that there is a downward movement on this side of the water, and that, as a consequence of the reports, those who have never been in America will hesitate to pull up stakes until the flurry is over. There is unquestionable ground for such a belief. When in Boston the other day, the Commissioner General of Immigration made a note of the circumstance that the immigrant of today is pretty well posted regarding New World conditions. He has met and talked with friends and acquaintances who have tried their luck across the seas, and he can tell whether they have prospered and whether he is likely to prosper.

In a way, it is fortunate that this distribution of first-hand knowledge of American conditions among the would-be immigrants in Europe has come to pass, for if this curtailment already begun in our industrial world is to continue for any length of time, a heavy immigration next spring would aggravate the embarrassments likely to exist.

Better Obey the Law.

Chief counsel for an organization of manufacturers of flavoring extracts has issued an attack upon Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, and in general the authorities having to do with the enforcement of the pure food act. It is similar to other assaults on this legislation, and the men who have to do with its enforcement. The charge is made that the new program has interfered with big business interests, and that the men who are so determined to make the law effective ought to be called off.

It seems strange that the whisky people, the benzene of soda waters, the dyed-food group, the extract makers, and the rest of them, cannot understand that this law means business, and is intended to be enforced. What they should do, and do at once, is to adjust themselves to this condition, and go to obeying the statute. It will neither be repealed nor weakened. It is pretty certain to be strengthened. Dr. Wiley is not to be ordered not to enforce it. He is more likely to be promoted for efficiency in enforcing it.

In this case of the extract makers it is especially charged that Dr. Wiley is establishing food standards, and his pretension of doing this is declared preposterous. The least said about food standards the better for the maker of the bogus food products. The law's failure to provide for food standards is the preposterous thing about it. Food standards are necessary to enforcement of such a measure; obviously and manifestly necessary. Dr. Wiley and his associates have found means to correct in considerable degree the

weakness of the law; but attacks on the effort to establish standards under it will have only one effect. They will bring about improvement of the legislation under which standards will be made unquestionable. That is what should have been done in the first place.

Another Sea Flier.

The Cunard liner Mauretania, which left Queenstown for New York Sunday morning, may soon be expected to lower the record of four days eighteen hours and fifty-three minutes made early this month by the Lusitania. The Lusitania on that trip averaged 24.40 knots an hour. On her trial voyage the Mauretania proved herself nearly a knot faster than her sister ship, and if she maintains this superiority she will soon be crossing the Atlantic in four days and a half. In other words, leaving Queenstown Sunday morning she will land her passengers in New York the following Thursday evening.

When the Lusitania smashed records fore and aft on her maiden voyage there was some talk about the Germans planning to recover the fame they achieved with the Deutschland. Now it appears that they have no such intention. The big boats they have ordered will have the comparatively moderate speed of twenty knots. This will make them fully a day slower than the Lusitania, not to mention the prospective record-breaker now on her way across the ocean. The Germans say they intend to wait until some new form of propulsion is invented before they try for the record again. Mr. Ballen, the well-known German steamship magnate, believes that by-and-by we shall smile at the excitement caused by the performances that have made this year memorable.

It seems safe enough to make such a prediction. No doubt some better form of driving the liners ahead will be devised. Experts are engaged on work of this nature incessantly. It will mean fame and fortune for them to succeed. Yet what next year or the next decade may bring forth cannot lessen the decisiveness of the victory the British shipbuilders have won this year with an English product through and through.

On the Conduit Road.

By judgment of the circuit court having jurisdiction in the counties of Montgomery and Frederick, the Commonwealth of Maryland is without authority to bait automobiles on the Conduit road. Judge Henderson holds that the powers of police supervision and regulation retained by the State do not reach to the regulation of traffic "on a road made especially for the use of Federal authorities," a large part of which "is built over and immediately on the arch of the aqueduct." The fines levied by the youthful mayor of Glen Echo on the testimony of the active Collins and depending on regulations far more strict than other towns in Maryland have found it necessary to impose, are, by this decision, made illegal.

In all probability District automobilists who have suffered through this misconstruction of law will be content with having the roadway cleared of obstructions. But the possibility of numerous and costly suits against the town ought to serve as warning to any other rural communities with a tendency to provide a special law for owners of horseless vehicles.

No such discrimination in the courts is needed. Chevy Chase, Glen Echo's neighbor in the same county, safeguards its people from the occasional reckless chauffeur by the simple expedient of a "Thank you, ma'am." Once the driver of an automobile has struck it at full tilt, he has had all the warning he could possibly use. This has the advantage, also, of keeping drivers of fast horses within bounds.

Up in Connecticut, where on field days 650 automobiles round a given curve in ten or twelve hours, they have been able to work wonders with a simple drawbridge. Whiz! goes the car through Fairfield. Ring! goes the telephone to Stamford. And when the thoughtless driver reaches the bridge across the river at the latter city, he finds the draw up and the constable waiting to talk the matter over. Even there they sometimes follow the mighty questionable practice of condemning men on one-side testimony—but that does not lessen the security of the people of Stamford because they have that drawbridge. It, like the "Thank you, ma'am," at Chevy Chase, is the ounce of prevention which is worth a ton of Marshal Collins' cure.

A Cruel Blow at Art.

Washington does not know Mrs. Elinor Glyn. But it has glanced through her novel, "Three Weeks," and it has read the sparkling interviews accredited to her by bright reporters who would have made interviews with the dullest woman in the world sparkle if only their city editors would have been willing to

take the chance. And the Capital (not to be ungallant) is perfectly willing to take Mrs. "Three Weeks" on the testimony of her novel and the reporters.

To put it in our American vernacular, this smart, clever, Mme. Recamier-looking English woman is "wise." She knows. What? Read this from an interview given out in dear old Philadelphia:

"I know that critics have condemned the book severely," said Mrs. Glyn, "but what of that? It does not disturb me in the least. With 50,000 copies sold last month, and the book still selling, I think I stand a little criticism, don't you? You know why it did not mind the words of critics? Well, I tell you, it is a man who has failed. He is a pessimist; he has failed in what he attempted to do, and he would make others fail. It is so different from your American reporters."

That's pretty good for old England, isn't it? What of the book reviewers of the Spectator, and the Strand, and the Times? Will they kindly run off and die? With 50,000 copies sold last month, and the book still selling, no wonder she thinks the poor, narrow, art-ridden critics are pessimists! But, this is not all. Mrs. Glyn snarls the reporters in a bunch. Thus:

"They are optimists. They look on life from the bright side, from the viewpoint of men who succeed. And your reporters in this country are such gentlemen, and so accurate. Only once have I been misquoted, and that was not serious. In England a young woman came to see me just before I sailed, and she ought to have been misquoted. Not a word of it was correct. That has never happened in this country."

Well, we guess if this discerning lady makes a tour of the country she can ride in the cars free. She can have her ad run top of column next to reading matter any day she likes. And what difference does it make if her book is glossed over and its style a talent put to waste? With 50,000 copies sold last month, and the book still selling, she can laugh merrily at all the old mottoes about life being short and art so long to learn.

Three weeks? She might just as well have stretched it out into six months and made a fortune at one blow!

A New York snap-shooter who caught a picture of Count Scherzheny was fined \$5 for being disrespectful. Thus the criminal gets off with more nothing of punishment, while a great philanthropic enterprise is soaked for \$25,000. They should at least have put the wicked photographer in the penitentiary for ten years.

The Burbanking of Hearst on Parsons produced a political hybrid without fruit.

The people who manipulated accounts and handled the money in those Brooklyn banks should at least divide with the President the responsibility for "bringing on the panic."

The Douma has opened without any of the customary signs of its doom.

One of the best bets is that the message to Congress will not take water.

The Kaiser left \$10,000 for distribution as tips among the employees at Windsor. This suggests that if a few crowned heads could be induced to visit this country we would get back some of the good pennings and marks, gontines and francs, pence and shillings, with which Americans sow the other side each season.

It is said Alaska is for Taft. By rights it ought to be for Fairbanks.

The Hickory Shirts and the One Gallon Follies are still abominable for Nebraska's Peers.

Dr. Wiley continues so unpopular in certain quarters that he continues to grow in popularity with folks in general.

J. Martin Miller, consul at Rheims, has resigned because he had to handle all the champagne business between France and the United States, and received only \$250 salary. Seems reasonable to assume that one couldn't handle much champagne on that salary.

THE WANDERER.

He wandered over land and sea,
That he might make a name,
And little thought a rolling stone
Would never bring him fame.

Through valleys and o'er mountain tops
He traveled on. He heard
Strange tongues in foreign land, and by
Their songs his soul was stirred.

He saw strange cities, and the hum
Of toil in busy millage,
Came to his ears. He heard the ring
And laugh from happy hearts.

He went his way across the world,
An then, when weary, sore,
With aching heart, he traced the path
That he had walked before.

He came, a pilgrim, bent and old,
Back to his home again,
And, faithless, found what he had
Craved.

A haven far from men!
—From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

HIS REVENGE.

In the small compartment for smokers at the rear end of a train going out of Norfolk a few weeks ago three commercial travelers, and an old farmer whose dilapidated exterior made very plausible the story he told the conductor.

"I'm only a poor lone man," he said, with tears in his eyes. "I haven't a cent in the world. But my daughter is dying—here he always had a look at the farmer to see his astonished companions. "Five years ago this darn railroad ran over one of my cows—ran over her in broad daylight, before witnesses. I sued the company for \$40, but their cursed lawyers beat me out of it. Since then I've been dying and waiting for my money. I've been waiting forty years! I've beat 'em out of thirty-seven of it. It was the other three I was tryin' for just now."—Harper's Weekly.

Blanche Walsh's Realistic Play
In Noxious Fitch Play
Bore National Audience

BY THE FIRST NIGHTER.

Had nerved myself for the scandals of "The Secret Orchard," but found the Helasco dark, owing to the secret workings of the new Union Station freight yards, which switched the baggage to Richmond.

Rushing post-haste to the National, entered the door just in time to hear ribald shouts and unprintable profanity. Turned to leave, thinking I had made a mistake and entered No. 1 police precinct, but glancing around the velvet curtains saw Blanche Walsh disguised in a sloven's garb. Good deal in a name after all! If you and I had seen "The Straight Road" scenes in the "other-half" section of the city, we would have passed by in disgust.

It was good to get to the Columbia, where there was plenty of music mixed with considerable nonsense. "Coming Thro' the Rye" wouldn't have been half bad even had one not felt the necessity for relief from the sordid.

At Chase's likewise an all-round good bill, with a Hobart "Peach" as the top-liner.

The high sign of an appreciative audience was hung out at the Majestic as I glanced in to see Sherlock Holmes unraveling the mystery of the signs on the wall.

Buster Brown and his dog Tige, assisted by some tuneful music, rather surprised me when at the Academy, where my ears were made to ring with pistol shots last week.

Lots of good things at the Gayety this week. Hardly as much to be said for Watson's Burlesquers at the Lyceum.

Cast of "The Straight Road."

Mary O'Hara.....Blanche Walsh
Miss Thompson.....Alma Kruger
Miss Leland.....Sidney Travers
Mrs. Plimley.....Jessie Ralph
Lary Lee.....Jean Parnell
A Woman.....Ada Ripel
Bill Hubbard.....George W. Howard
The Doctor.....Lawrence
Servant at Miss Thompson's.....Wm. Wadsworth
Police.....Clement Hopkins

Ben Greet on one occasion when discussing the merits of American playwrights said that whenever Clyde Fitch wished to write a play he took his little camera and went snap-shooting up Fifth avenue, and then weaved an unsuspicious network about his little views. To disprove this expose of his methods, Mr. Fitch has taken his camera down to the East Side, and, as a result, last season we had the Claire Foster scene in "The Woman in the Case," and last night the mob scene and the bedroom scenes of "The Straight Road."

That in "The Straight Road," as presented by Miss Blanche Walsh at the National Theater last night, Mr. Fitch has introduced some types that are genuinely true to life is undeniable. That Miss Walsh portrays the role of the repentant woman of the slums with great fidelity to human nature is equally true.

Thus far can one go and no farther in commendation of "The Straight Road." No one could possibly claim for the play that it is a pleasing stage picture. On the contrary only the seamy side of life is portrayed, that phase which anyone can see without paying the price of admission by visiting No. 1 Police precinct almost any night in the year. No one can take exception to the moral preachment supposed to be made. It is certainly a lecture and timely for a respectful hearing for the adage that there is something good in the worst of us.

Mr. Fitch has brought to bear no novel treatment in trying to bear home his truth, nor has he endeavored to disguise the fact that he is preaching. The average audience is docile about receiving lectures and timely for the sins of society and the injustices that are often done the poor, but it does not relish having its money lessons forced down its throat in pre-digested "chunks."

The basic theme of "The Straight Road" would not be beyond the realm of the possible, is at least unnatural. It concerns the efforts of a reformed woman to save the girl who has run out of the mire from a marriage with a human jackal. This jackal is marrying the mislaid, scrocker for her own reasons, and at the eve of his wedding he endeavors to lure the reformed woman back to the paths of sin. The average audience is docile about receiving lectures and timely for the sins of society and the injustices that are often done the poor, but it does not relish having its money lessons forced down its throat in pre-digested "chunks."

The methods employed by the playwright in the climax of the third act are grotesquely theatrical and the cheap appeal to maudlin sentiment in the backdrop to Miss Walsh's excellent acting.

There is only one clearly drawn character in the play, that of Moll O'Hara, the reformed woman. In this role Miss Walsh lays aside all personal vanity. Her first scene on the stage is a drunken, revolting woman of the East Side dives, who has been arrested for participating in a saloon brawl and is being taken to the police station. Her skirt is bedraggled, her hair frizzled, her face besmudged with grime of the gutter, and her first words are "I've been drinking."

The slinking profanity. It is realism, realism of the most pronounced type. But because it is realistic does not prevent it from being disgusting. The student does not wish to have his sensibilities shocked merely to experience a sensation of repugnance. And certainly "The Straight Road" is not a play which is apt to win converts for slum work.

With the exception of Moll, the characters of the play are drawn without force or cleverness. Douglas Ames, the roue, as portrayed by William Travers, was flaccid in his sensuality, and the Ripel, as played by Jean Parnell, was a modified type of Bill Sykes, but without any of the vitalizing characteristics of the Dickens' creation.

Miss Estelle Ralph, who played the type of Irish woman to provoke the loud guffaw. The one clever bit of acting aside from Miss Walsh's able interpretation was that of William Wadsworth, who had scarcely a dozen lines as a servant. Miss Walsh will repeat "The Straight Road" tonight and Wednesday at both performances, but will present the powerful Gordin play, "The Kreutzer Sonata," for four performances, beginning Thursday.

JOHN MASON MAKES HIT IN "THE WITCHING HOUR"

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—One pronounced success and one partial hit are the results of the play as drawn without force or cleverness. Douglas Ames, the roue, as portrayed by William Travers, was flaccid in his sensuality, and the Ripel, as played by Jean Parnell, was a modified type of Bill Sykes, but without any of the vitalizing characteristics of the Dickens' creation.

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Government Owns Depot;
May Restore Henry Park

Property Must Be Transferred to Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds as Agreed by Pennsylvania Railroad.

Speculation is rife over the use to which the government will put the old Sixth street station since the Pennsylvania railroad has abandoned it in favor of the Union Station.

Although not generally known, this site belongs to the Federal Government and is under the charge of the Secretary of War. Use of it was granted the Pennsylvania railroad until the erection in Washington of a union terminal for all roads entering the city.

Now that the station will no longer be used by the railroad it will be necessary, according to the law which granted the Pennsylvania the use of the site, for the corporation to transfer it back to the Secretary of War. The latter will immediately place the site at the disposal of Colonel Brownell, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds. As yet this transfer has not been made by the railroad company, but will be sent to the War Department within the present week.

Part of the Mail.

The station site at Sixth and B streets northwest is part of the Mail, and prior to its acquisition by the Pennsylvania railroad was known as Henry Park. It was named after Secretary Henry of the Smithsonian Institution because of his wide research, valuable discoveries, and unceasing efforts which benefited the institution immeasurably.

Colonel Brownell said today that so far as he knew now no new building would be erected on the ground now occupied by the old brick station. He declared this would not be done unless Congress appropriated the money and authorized the erection of some public building there.

Restore Henry Park.

"The parking system is always glad to get new property," said Colonel Brownell. "Although I have no definite idea what disposition will be made of the station site I believe it will be reserved into Henry Park and become part of the Mail as originally intended. Clearing away the old station would

permit the Mail to be extended from B street northwest back to the Fish Commission building near Maryland avenue. The tracks, siding station and sidings will be removed and what was once known as the Pennsylvania yard will be converted into a beautiful park."

Congress has appropriated \$100,000 each for statues to Columbus, Commodore Barry and John Paul Jones. As yet no site has been selected for any of these statues, and as suitable locations for pedestals are at a premium in Washington, it is within the range of possibility that one of them may be placed at Sixth and B streets northwest.

Garfield Memorial Suggested.

As President Garfield was shot down by an assassin's bullet in the Pennsylvania station many Washingtonians have suggested that his memory be in some way commemorated on the site where he fell. Not long since the piece of tiling marking the spot where he fell was stolen by souvenir fiends. At present there is but one statue standing in Washington honoring the memory of the former Chief Executive, and that has not been voted by many to be the most appropriate or attractive in the city.

Use It For Army.

General Harries and Colonel Brett, of the District Militia, will renew their efforts to obtain the station as an armory. It is pointed out by them that the armory over Center Market is too small to accommodate the full brigade of militiamen, and that the various organizations are scattered over the city. An enormous rent is paid annually to the market company for use of the second and third floors, and General Harries thinks it would be a good idea to give the National Guard of the District the use of the old station.

This cannot be done, however, without the sanction of Congress. General Harries and Colonel Brett will present the matter to Senator Dick when Congress convenes and will endeavor to obtain possession of the structure, which would make an ideal armory after some alterations, according to officers of the militia.

LIMIT TO EVERYTHING
EXCEPT A POKER GAME;
GOVERNMENT ROASTED

The great prosperity in the West is fully demonstrated by a plaint received by the officials of the Postoffice Department from a citizen of a Western town, who declares that the department will be compelled to revise its salary list if it gets sufficient competent help to carry on properly the postal service in that section. The text of the letter is as follows:

"There's a limit to everything, except poker, in even a Western town. And when it comes to having letters lay around in the postoffice weeks at a time with your name and street address plainly inscribed on the envelope, it's getting pretty nearly time to holler show-down."

"To sum the matter up in a few words, the postal service in this town is rotten; crazier than a loaded cayuse, with about as much system as a cayuse working on a chain gang. My chief duties are to keep his eye on the chain gang boss and make a bluff at cleaning the streets. Easy graft! A clerk in the postoffice gets \$20 a year. Much better than the United States Government is outrageous. No wonder there is a shortage in the ranks and the country is threatened with financial panic. These fellows, cunning rogues, take home their salaries about \$80 every month, and of course, living being so shamefully cheap out here, they save at least \$5 out of it. Not one of them but owns a dress suit, some even have their own little 'stink wagons' to go to and from work. Awful! Atrocious!"

"We have complaints come out here, green as grass, who tell us about drawing their \$1,200 and \$1,400 and upward a year working for the Government in Washington. They work about three hours a day, hang around the office until about 6 o'clock and then go home. On their dress suits and hob nob with the diplomats, make a tidy sum. May be the representatives of this class that drift out here are not the pick of the breed, but they are a damned good shoveling coal. They don't know enough to pound sand in a rat hole. Easy money!"

"Now, wouldn't it be a good proposition to transfer a little of this filthy and tainted lucre to the West. If you'd buy a man a decent salary he would jump in and do the work of three of these rough necks. It costs you a dollar to look around here. Every thing is high, dear old home, and every one lives out here. They don't exist as in the East. This Montana air is conducive to a healthy appetite and a good bed. Three square meals a day and a good room costs more than you are paying your postoffice clerks. Think it over."

doubtedly one of the greatest equilibriums before the public today and was recalled time and again.

The Ferrells are cyclists who stand foremost in the New Academy. The singing and dancing specialty of the Sharp brothers completes a very strong bill.

REJUVENATED "BUSTER BROWN"

With an augmented orchestra and a pretty and tuneful chorus, "Buster Brown" at the New Academy is rendered in an attractive and entertaining manner.

Master Jimmie Rosen as Buster Brown and Al Gray as Fie, Buster hold the center of the stage the greater part of the evening and keep the audience in continual laughter, as sweet boy and mischievous dog are endowed by a powerful canine with almost "human" intelligence, is capable of doing.

Mrs. Jane, Buster's sweetheart, a part recently written into the play, improves the production. It affords Miss Lockett an opportunity to introduce some clever specialty work.

The production is distinguished for its large and pretty chorus and attractive musical numbers. The Bobby Burns Brigade won rounds of applause by an attractive drill.

"The Sausage Trust" at Gayety.

A pleasing novelty at the Gayety this week is the three-act musical comedy, "The Sausage Trust," presented by Rice and Barton's Rose Hill English Foil Company. The principal comedians are George W. Rice and F. P. Thomas. They appear in the characters of Robert slang and Hobart situations. Mr. Courtleigh as "John Henry" and Richard P. Crolius as "Biff" Donovan, furnishing the story. Frank Jamison as "Colonel Barstian," and Miss Gladys Claire give good support.

Bessie Wynn is as captivating as ever in vocal numbers, and her "Not For Me" made a decided hit. Salerno is un-

George V. Hobart's "Peaches," presented by William Courtleigh, is the top-liner of an exceptionally pleasing bill at Chase's this week. Of course the comedy is brimful of Hobart slang and Hobart situations. Mr. Courtleigh as "John Henry" and Richard P. Crolius as "Biff" Donovan, furnishing the story. Frank Jamison as "Colonel Barstian," and Miss Gladys Claire give good support.

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MAN ORSEL'S POST

SOUGHT BY SCOTT

Senator Elkins at White

House—Business Out-

look Bright.

Senators Elkins and Scott of West Virginia called at the White House this morning to recommend W. W. Scott, of Fairmont, for promotion in the Department of Justice.

Mr. Scott, who is no relation of the Scott of Congress, is the great-nephew of Van Orsdel, the new Justice of the Court of Appeals, recently left, and the West Virginia statesmen hope he will step into Mr. Van Orsdel's official shoes.

"But the President didn't give any sign," said remarked Senator Elkins, "though we told him what a fine young man Scott is, and what a splendid record he has."

"I'm feeling pretty good over the financial outlook," said Senator Elkins before he left. "Business ought to pick up now."

"What will Congress do with currency?" Senator Elkins was asked. "Who on earth can tell what Congress will do? It's a mystery. The future looks very bright for the great unknown—the vast deep. No one on earth can tell what 600 minds will do up there on the Hill."

Delegat. Cale of Alaska is taking luncheon with the President this afternoon, and is telling him of the glories and perils of our Arctic provinces. Mr. Cale had a conference with the President this morning.

"I am going the building of more roads, local self-government, better mining laws, and more lighthouses and life-saving stations," said Mr. Cale. "The President will be very liberal with Alaska in his message, and I hope to see all the needed things recommended."

DOWN SOUTH.

Much as they're taught, in school and out. By leading educators. Some will persist to "laters" say. When they should say pertaters. —From an Exchange.